

and on Col. Lawson's right hand was his personal friend, Col. John Adams Thayer, and a crowd of other Colonels. Reporters flanked Col. Lawson on the left and toward a line of skirmishers in Col. Greene's rear.

THEY MARCH OFF TOGETHER.

When they undressed their hands Col. Greene said to Col. Lawson: "Won't you come up to my room?" and he waved his right hand toward the open door of the elevator, which had just come down.

Col. Lawson smiled and stepped toward the door, followed by Col. Greene, who raised his left hand over Col. Lawson's back as though he were about to pat him in an affectionate manner on the shoulder.

Col. Lawson stepped into the elevator and backed into the southeast corner and Col. Greene followed and stood at his side. Col. Greene's two friends and Col. Thayer, who had remained in the little party, stepped in after them. Then the door was closed and the elevator with its load of Colonels shot up out of sight.

The billboys were busy right off bringing up trays laden with bottles and siphons of vichy.

The last observation made of Col. Lawson as he disappeared above the sky line of the second floor showed an amiable smile spreading all over his face.

FIVE COLONELS IN A BUNCH.

The five Colonels went to Col. Greene's room and the door was locked on the crowd of reporters who had been waiting around to see and hear what would happen.

The handshake which was passed between the principal Colonels was not a stage handshake, such as it would have appeared to be had it been rehearsed for the occasion, but on both sides it seemed to be spontaneous, even hearty. The Colonels couldn't have done better if never a cross word had been passed between them through the advertising columns of the newspapers. It was the real thing.

Col. Greene is a pleasant-appearing, suave man, with a mustache so gray that its general appearance is of whiteness. So far as outward indication went, he appeared genuinely pleased to meet his old friend, Col. Lawson.

Col. Lawson was fully as suave, as gentlemanly and as polite as Col. Greene, and he seemed to be quite as pleased to "meet up" with Col. Greene as the other was to see him.

The hands of the Colonels remained clasped just about the length of time that the hands of two old friends who haven't seen each other for some time should remain in that position.

JUST LIKE TWO OLD PAIS.

The two Colonels looked directly into each other's eyes, but so far as close observers could judge, there was no show of hostility or ill-will on the part of either. They acted like two old chums who had not met for a long time and were looking each other over to see if the other had changed.

Col. Lawson waited in the office of the Touraine for an hour and twenty minutes this morning before he succeeded in meeting Col. Greene. Col. Greene was at his breakfast when Col. Lawson reached the hotel, and Col. Lawson sent his card right in to him at the table.

The head waiter by whom the card had been forwarded to Col. Greene's table came back presently and reported that Col. Greene had taken the card. "He said he wouldn't look at any cards at the table," said the head waiter.

Col. Lawson sent the waiter back with his card, with instructions to tell Col. Greene that it was the card of Thomas W. Lawson.

In about two minutes the waiter returned. "Col. Greene said 'All right,' and that was all," said the waiter, and that was all the information or satisfaction Col. Lawson could get for the time being.

HIT BY TRAIN; MANY MEN LOSE SAVED BY SNOW JOBS IN PARKS

"L" Employee Knocked from Elevated Structure Lands on Head in Snow Pile and Is Buried to His Shoulders.

A pile of snow left by street cleaners under the "L" structure at Sixth avenue and Fifty-third street, saved the life of John Kelly, a signal man, of No. 60 Leroy street, at 6 o'clock last night.

During the rush hours it is Kelly's duty to signal the trains as they turn the corner at Fifty-third street. He signalled a northbound train that the track was clear, and was crossing the tracks to the southbound track when he was hit by the train and knocked from the structure.

Kelly luckily landed in the snow pile. He struck head first and sank into the snow over his head and shoulders. The sight attracted the attention of a number of pedestrians, who carried him to a drug store.

Dr. Erving took Kelly to Roosevelt Hospital, where he soon regained consciousness. He is suffering from a fracture of the left arm and bruises about the body.

The matron of the train that struck Kelly evidently did not know of the accident, for no report was made of the accident to the officers of the company or to the police.

A NOVEL FOR ONE CENT.

Every Saturday The Evening World gives its readers a first-class novel in addition to printing all the news. Next Saturday the third of these novels, "Who Was John Pennington?" a thrilling detective story, by Ernest De Lavoy Pierson, will be given. Don't miss it!

NEXT SUNDAY'S BAROMETER

4,836 Registered Last Sunday a Good Indication for the Coming Sunday.

The World's Want Directory, a twelve-page section of last Sunday's World, exclusively devoted to the purpose, carried 4,836 classified advertisements. Next Sunday's World will carry as many, if not more.

Under the classifications of help wanted and situations wanted were the following:

Agents	Help Situations Wanted	Help Situations Wanted
118	2	4
119	3	5
120	4	6
121	5	7
122	6	8
123	7	9
124	8	10
125	9	11
126	10	12
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212	96	98
213	97	99
214	98	100

Four-Flush Bulletins of Frenzied Financiers

Being the Tragic Story of the Gory Meeting in Boston Between the Two Manipulators of Copper Stock.

BOSTON, Dec. 16.—6.13 A. M.—Col. William C. Greene, of Arizona copper and New York, who is here in the Touraine Hotel with a four-notched six-shooter gunning for Frenzied Thomas W. Lawson, has just awoke and rung for a bracer.

6.25 A. M.—Col. Greene is exercising. He is punching the pillows of his bed.

6.39 A. M.—Col. Greene goes to the 'phone in the office and calls up Young's Hotel, at which Lawson is staying.

6.41 A. M.—"I want Lawson. I'm Col. Greene, of New York," he shouts into the receiver. He is gritting his teeth and breathing hard. "Gimme Lawson. I want to meet him for just a fraction of a minute," he hisses. One hand is pressed against his right-hand hip pocket. "He will be here, you say. Well, he'd better!" he chuckles as he hangs up the transmitter and strides into the lobby with a wild gleam in his eye.

7.19 A. M.—Col. Greene telephones again. "What's delaying Lawson? Oh, he's dressing, is he? Well, please hurry him up. Tell him I'm just aching to meet him."

7.30 A. M.—The Colonel is burning up telegraph blanks addressed to his relatives and lawyers.

8.10 A. M.—The Colonel has just drafted a short outline of his last will and testament.

8.35 A. M.—Col. Greene has carefully counted the four notches in the handle of the gun which were cut into it while he was in the wild and woolly mine regions of Arizona.

8.40 A. M.—Col. Greene goes to breakfast.

9.01 A. M.—Lawson enters the hotel lobby. "Where's the fellow Greene?" he asks.

9.02 A. M.—Col. Greene is notified that Lawson awaits him. "Tell him to wait," remarks the Colonel, drinking three bracers.

9.03—Lawson sends word to the Colonel: "I'm in a hurry to see you. Please come."

9.04—Col. Greene says: "Wait." The Colonel is calm and pale. His voice is almost a whisper. He is padding inside his vest with the silver trays on which breakfast was served.

9.05—A waiter tells the Colonel: "Mr. Lawson presents his compliments and says if Col. Greene does not go out he will come in." The Colonel groans, but the eyes of the waiters and bell-boys are on him, and at—

9.07—Col. Greene goes into the lobby and—

9.08—Col. Greene shakes hands with Lawson and invites him to his room. Col. Lawson accepts. Principals and bodyguards enter the elevator and go directly to Col. Greene's rooms.

9.30—Highballs, highballs, highballs, perfectos maduro and coffee.

10.00—Encore.

10.30—Animated but bloodless conference.

1 P. M.—Col. Thayer, one of the guards of Col. Lawson, telephones Evening World that the earth is in the centre of a grand harmonious stellar system.

Casualties up to date: None dead. —Wounded, ?

PATTERSON CASE MUST GO TO JURY

(Continued from First Page.)

ense be directed to call several witnesses, who might throw some light on the case. Mr. Rand denied the existence of any such witnesses, and the motion was denied.

When the trial was resumed in the morning the court-room was filled to the limit of its capacity. The young prisoner, looking as fresh and bright as ever, swept down the aisle to her seat. She had to pass through corridors that were packed with men and women, who sought to get into the court-room.

Miss Elizabeth Harrington, a clerk employed in the annex of the Hotel Imperial, was called to the stand by Mr. Rand. The witness said that during the month of last May she had seen "Nan" Patterson at the hotel every day for a period of ten days. She had often seen the defendant in the company of Mrs. J. Morgan Smith. Miss Harrington identified a photograph of Mrs. Smith.

Feigning Illness, He Said. Mr. Rand, when Mr. Levy objected to this line of testimony, declared that he intended to prove that the actress had been feigning illness while in the Hotel Imperial in order to deceive Young.

When Miss Harrington was excused, Basil Dutton, head chambermaid of the Hotel Imperial, was called. Assistant District Attorney Garvan said that he wanted to prove by the witness that on the morning when Caesar Young called at the hotel the defendant lay in bed feigning illness.

"I will show," said Mr. Garvan, "that when Caesar Young was at the race track in the afternoon the defendant rapidly recovered, got up out of bed and went out with her sister. She was pretending to be ill after the birth and death of a child."

The chambermaid was then allowed to testify that the beds were not made up in the morning in Miss Patterson's room, but that they were made up in the afternoon.

Letters from Young to Actress.

Mr. Levy, when the chambermaid left the stand, recalled John Mullin to the stand. He drew from him that he was familiar with the handwriting of Caesar Young, and then asked him to identify a letter, Mullin said that he thought the body of the letter was in the handwriting of Young, but that of the envelope was in another hand.

The witness was then asked to state if he was with Mr. and Mrs. Young at the Walton Hotel on the 24, 25 and 26 of May last. Mullin said that he was, but that further question Mr. Levy said "No."

Mr. Rand examined the letter carefully, but made no objection to its admission in evidence.

Mr. Levy then read the letter to the jury. It was written on May 1 to the defendant, on letter-head paper of the Hotel Walton. The envelope was addressed to Miss Nan E. Patterson, 130 Fourth street, N. W., Washington, D. C. It was as follows:

Dear Nan—Received yours last night after coming in from race. Glad to get it; also to see you are enjoying yourself. Say almost everything. Importance today. John pointed your brother-in-law out to me. I knew him by sight.

Cordelia was there. Couldn't keep him away; taking me all around. Your name was not mentioned by any one. He said something about Morgan wanting to know me, but I said: "Never mind; he'll find me out quite quick enough."

Saw Smith sitting me up two

FALLS FROM 'L' CAR TO STREET

Man Tries to Climb Over Closed Gate, but Is Struck by Guard Rail at End of Station Platform.

In his efforts to get to his business on time today, Maurice Kuper, a Maiden lane jeweler, whose home is at No. 185 Suffolk street, boarded a second avenue elevated train after it had started and the gates were closed. He was brushed from the platform by the guard rail at the end of the platform, and doubtless would have been crushed to death had it not been for the presence of mind of a fireman.

Kuper ran up the elevated station at Allen and Rutgers streets just as the train was pulling out. The train was backed with passengers who were wedged on the platforms. Kuper grabbed the gate and, standing on the platform, tried to climb over the railing. So great was the crowd that he could not accomplish this.

On the platform was Heinrich Posthaur, a fireman attached to Engine Company No. 2, who saw the man's peril. With one hand he pulled the gate for him, and with the other he caught the jeweler by the coat collar and tried to raise him over the gate. The fireman then pulled the emergency brake.

Before the train could be stopped Kuper was brushed off the platform by the guard rail at the end of the platform. His grip on the gate was broken and he was falling under the wheels of the train. The fireman held fast to the man's coat, but it began giving way under the strain.

Posthaur seeing that the man was in danger of being ground to death gave Kuper a quick push, throwing him clear of the tracks, and the man fell into the streets on the cobble stones twenty-five feet below.

The passengers on the train had heard the cries for help, and many of them had seen Kuper brushed from the platform and then fall to the street. At the same time the train came to a stop so suddenly that those standing in the car were thrown from their feet. There was a panic, and many persons had to be restrained to keep from jumping from the train.

An ambulance surgeon from Gouverneur Hospital found Kuper unconscious. It was thought at first the fall had killed him, but later he regained consciousness and the physicians at the hospital say that his injuries are not serious.

PRISON EMPLOYEES ORGANIZE.

OSBORNE, N. Y., Dec. 16.—The officers and employees of Sing Sing Prison have formed a Mutual Protective Association. Its object is to promote good-fellowship and to help one another. The following officers have been elected: George W. Fox, president; Michael J. Garvey, vice-president; W. Y. Webster, secretary, and C. P. Guernsey, treasurer.

C.G. Gunther's Sons

Gifts for Men.

Sterling Silver.

Military Brushes, 4.95 to 11.95

Military Brushes, \$3.95 to \$12.95.

Whisk Brooms, \$1.50 to \$3.95.

Match Safes, \$1.50 to \$4.95.

Cigarette Cases, \$4.95 to \$7.95.

Gun-Metal.

Match Safes, \$1.95 to \$7.95.

Cigarette Cases, \$2.75 to 10.95.

Pencils, 95c. to \$3.95.

Knives, \$1.25 to \$19.95.

Leather Goods.

Card Cases, \$1.00 to \$4.75.

Letter Cases with stamp case enclosed, \$2.00 to \$5.95.

Pocket Companion, 75c. to \$1.95.

Cravat Cases, \$1.00.

Desk or Travelers' Clocks, \$2.75 to \$8.95.

Flasks, 50c. to \$6.95.

Dressing Cases, \$4.95 to 29.95.

Bottle Sets, \$4.50 to \$10.95.

Dress Suit Cases, unfitted, \$4.95 to \$13.95.

Dress Suit Cases, fitted, \$21.95 to \$87.95.

Travelers' Bags, unfitted, \$4.75 to \$18.95.

Travelers' Bags, fitted, \$17.95 to \$59.95.

Folding Frames for pocket or satchel, very thin.

Vienna Desk Pieces:—

Large Pads with brass corners, Ink Wells, Stamp Boxes and Book Backs.

Cigar and Cigarette Boxes, Ash Trays.

Alcohol Lamps and Candle Sticks.

Lord & Taylor.

Broadway and Twentieth Street, Fifth Avenue, Nineteenth Street.

MANUFACTURERS

Fulton St., Cor. Hanover Pl., Brooklyn

OPEN EVERY EVENING.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

Second, Rutgers & Broadway, 9 Murray St.

KILLED GIRL AND HIMSELF.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Dec. 16.—J. B. Richardson, of the Soule Grain Company, of this city, shot and killed Miss Nellie Christianson on one of the principal business streets of Minneapolis today and then shot himself. Miss Christianson was employed at a department store as a dressmaker.

The shooting attracted a crowd, but Richardson was dead before any one reached his side.

SKIN HUMORS BLOOD HUMORS

Speedily, Permanently and Economically Cured by Cuticura

WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS

Complete External and Internal Treatment

Price One Dollar

In the treatment of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, crusty, pimply, blotchy and scrofulous humors of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills have been wonderfully successful. Even the most obstinate of constitutional humors, such as bad blood, scrofula, inherited and contagious humors, with loss of hair, glandular swellings, ulcerous patches in the throat and mouth, sore eyes, copper-colored blotches, as well as boils, carbuncles, scurvy, sties, ulcers and sores arising from an impure condition of the blood, yield to the Cuticura treatment, when all other remedies fail.

And greater still, if possible, is the wonderful record of cures of torturing, disfiguring humors among infants and children. The suffering which Cuticura Remedies have alleviated among the young, and the comfort they have afforded worn-out and worried parents, have led to their adoption in countless homes as priceless curatives for the skin and blood. Infantile and birth humors, milk crust, scalled head, eczema, rashes and every form of itching, scaly, pimply skin and scalp humors, with loss of hair, of infancy and childhood, are speedily, permanently and economically cured when all other remedies suitable for children, and even the best physicians, fail.

Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Remedies for children, Cuticura Soap, 25c. per box of 50; Ointment, 50c.; Pills, 50c. per box of 10. Sold everywhere. Sole Importers, The Great Humour Cure, 101 Broadway, New York.

For "The Great Humour Cure."

MAHLER BROS.

SIXTH AVE. & 31ST ST.

TOYS! TOYS!! TOYS!!!

A huge stock, with splendid special values scheduled for Saturday's selling! Come early and avoid the rush!

(For Saturday only.)

Race Tracks—Complete course, very novel and entertaining, really worth \$1, \$2 and \$3, at .49, .98 & \$1.49

Railroad Circuits—Complete track, with trains, locomotive, signal stations, tunnels, etc.—worth twice our special prices.

.25, .49, .98, \$1.49 & up to \$10.00

Iron Toys—Engines, Hose Cart, Hook and Ladder, strongly made; some with 2, others with 3 horses, at .25, .49, .98 & \$1.49